





# IN RUHLEBEN CAMP.



No 5. Price Twopence Aug. 15<sup>th</sup>



**The  
R. D. S.**

will present on

AUGUST 25<sup>th</sup>

and subsequent nights

**"MR. PREEDY &  
THE COUNTESS"**

A farce in three acts

by

**R. C. CARTON.**

# In RUHLEBEN CAMP

N<sup>o</sup>. 5.

August

1915.

**T**HE feverish fortnight is over — Elections, medal-meetings, Hampstead-Heath — are all things of the past and the Camp feels rather like a lot of school-boys at the end of the holidays. We must thank Mr. Powell for his letter to the Home Government and though the reply was somewhat of a cold douche yet it has done us good, it has settled us down. Now that we are approaching our Ruhleben anniversary, we may look around and count the changes. They are very many and very good. We all grouse, I. R. C. too, at our Camp officials, our Ruhleben Supermen, but consider the Camp as it was a year ago and as it is to-day and one cannot help realising that sterling work has been done by someone. Well, Mr. Official, be you a full-blown arm-band or button-man or only the secretary of a mere Society, please realise that our bark is worse than our bite, that when you do good work we shan't say much, if anything at all, but when you do bad work we shall say "the divil of a lot". You can't do what you would like, but in working to make Ruhleben life more endurable for some of your fellow-prisoners, you are "doing your bit" and a "good bit" at that.



YOU may not believe your eyes, but we throw a big bouquet — one of black tulips too — at Mr. Powell for arranging a Cinema show for the Camp.

WE throw a bouquet at you all for buying up our last number as you did.

# Société Dramatique Française

Programme des Soirées de Début  
les 18. 19. 20. et 21 Août, 1915.

Orchestre: Ouverture de Si j'étais Roi Adam  
(sous la direction de M. Peebles-Conn).



## L'ANGLAIS TEL QU'ON LE PARLE

Comédie en un Acte de Tristan Bernard

Mise en scène par H. G. HOPKIRK

Orchestre: a) Quand l'amour meurt. O. Cremieux  
b) Aubade Printanière. P. Lacome

.....

## ON OPÈRE SANS DOULEUR

Comédie en un Acte d'André Monezy-Eon

Mise en scène par H. G. HOPKIRK



En Septembre la S. D. F. R.

présentera une pièce du répertoire actuel du  
théâtre de la "RENAISSANCE" de Paris:

## LA PETITE CHOCOLATIÈRE

Comédie en 4 actes de Paul Gavault

Mise en scène par H. ALFRED BELL



## PHOEBE AT THE ELECTION.

TUESDAY night! Why, that is the Debating Society's night. You have not heard the Debating Society yet, have you, Phoebe? Come along. It's very popular, and there is always a crowd."

"What are they going to debate on to-night?"

"Debate! They're not going to debate. Whatever makes you think they are going to debate, dear. They have long given up the idea of debating. They hold anecdote evenings now. You know, first the chairman — that is Butterpat — gets up and tells a very dull and silly yarn, and then a lot of other people, knowing they can't do worse, try to improve on him — with but indifferent success. Or else, they give dramatic representations of scenes from Dickens."

"Well! We cannot get in to-night, I'm afraid" said Phoebe, as we approached the evidently overcrowded hall, from which shouts, groans, and the frequently repeated yells of 'sit down' proceeded.

But I know better, and led her through a window and so on to the back of the stage, where a gorgeous scene met our eyes. On the platform sat all Ruhleben's brightest and best, facing a huge sea of cheering, gesticulating, worshipping admirers.

"There, Phoebe" I said, pointing to the former collection, "is the *Ruhleben Debating Society*".

"Magnificent," she whispered, "but what are they doing?"

A neighbour enlightened us. "It's a bye-election" he said, "and they are going to elect the candidates to-night. Look, Buttercup is doing the mayor."

"Who's Butternut, that little man in the black and red gown?"

"Hush, Phoebe, you must not call Butterpip a little man, he is a big bug here."



"Well! whatever he is, the crowd certainly are not listening to him."

"Why should they? The chances are they've heard it all before, I don't suppose they want to listen anyway. They've probably come to amuse themselves."

"Oh! We'll amuse them all right," said the stranger. "There are the candidates over there. One Boss, a certain Castang, and Cohen."

"Cohen! I know the name. Which Cohen?"

"*The* Cohen." I noticed my informant had a red piece of ribbon in his buttonhole.

"Hardly a very illuminating description." I murmured, but Phoebe discreetly changed the subject.

"What is the bye-election for?" she asked.

"Oh! It's only a joke."

"I don't see the joke."

"We have not seen the candidates yet" I pointed out.

"It's a splendid idea. There is no doubt about that. It will keep the whole Camp amused for a week."

The stranger seemed enthusiastic.

"Will it?"

"Rather. We know how to tickle the Camp."

"And in the meantime," Phoebe pointed out, "the meeting are making such a noise, they won't even give the poor old gentleman a chance to start talking."

"Who? Butterpat? He's all right. You wait and see."

"We go to bed at a quarter to ten" I hinted.

"Oh, you will be aching with laughter long before then."

We came away from the meeting convinced that the Debating Society at any rate thought the Election was going to entertain the Camp for a week.

Going back to the Grand Stand a week later to hear the result of the polling, we passed the same gentleman again.

"Hulloh!" called Phoebe, "Did you keep the Camp amused?"

"Be quiet," I exclaimed, "Don't hurt the poor fellow's feelings."

"Why don't you think it was a success?" asked Phoebe, as we wandered in. There was no difficulty in getting a place this time. Perhaps the rain had kept the crowd away.

"It was worthy of the promoters in every way, I cannot say more."







"You cannot say less. But listen to what they are saying, I can't hear a word."

"It's only old Butterdish saying that Castang has got in by a large majority, while poor old Boss, the most amusing of the lot, is last. It was bad luck for *HIM* that the meetings were stopped owing to a slight misunderstanding."

"Did you not like the meetings, I thought they were awfully funny." Put in the stranger.

"Hm! Some of the interruptions were. The Debating Society certainly owes a debt of gratitude to the public for the spirited way the latter tried to play up to their lead."

"But some of the posters were good?"

"And some were copied."

"Most of them were original, so there."

"Oh yes, all the bad ones were."

"Then, don't you think the whole campaign was worth while?"

"Worth while, I should think it was — to the candidates. It was a simply splendid ad for them. They should have been made to subscribe the necessary funds."

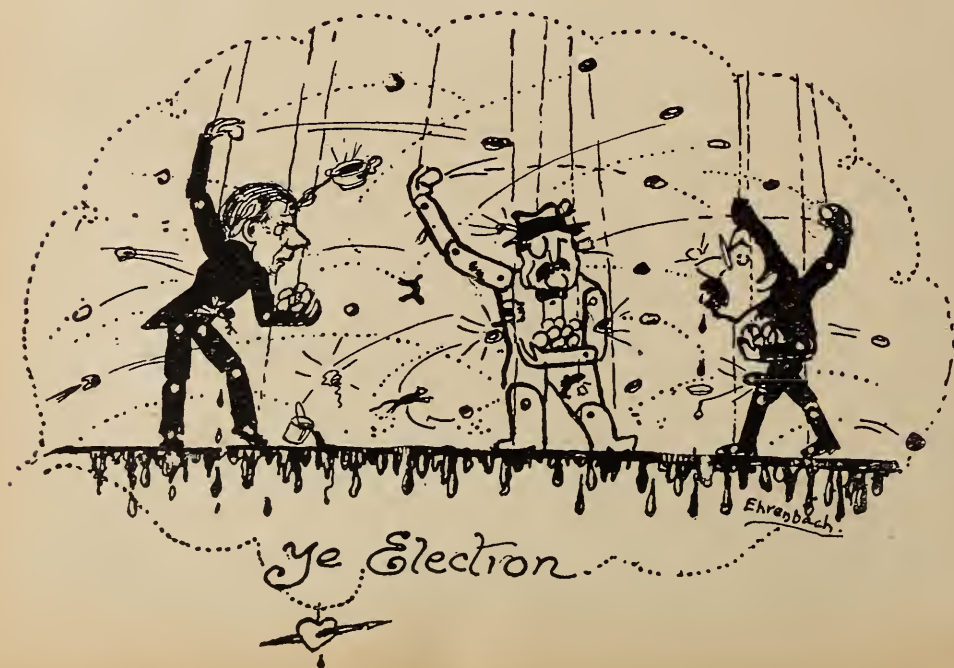
"You expect too much."

"I merely expected a little amusement after the definite assurance last week that we were going to have some fun, and —"

"Well?"

"I am still waiting to be amused."

T. G.



## “DON'T B.R.A.-Y.”

(With apologies to Mr. John Croaker and his chorus of Ruhleben youths).

(Copyright.)

*These verses may not be sung at badge association meetings without permission of the Chairman.*

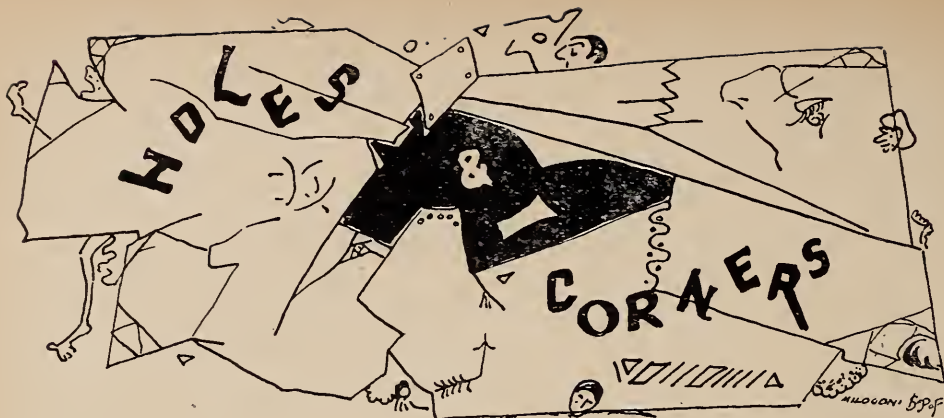
OH, I don't buy milk and honey, 'cause I'm saving up my money  
 To join the “B.R.A.” and other “corps”  
 “Twill be a dreadful blow, if I've no badge to show.  
 When I stroll along the Strand to Charing Cross.  
 I'd be “cut” by “Brothers” Halpin, Butterscotch or other spalpeen  
 ‘Ould Ireland, Wales, Australia and the Jews.  
 While my present “good relations” with the “actresses” the “Batons”  
 The Earl and Dear old “Pea-Nuts” makes me sing:  
     Save up boys to pay for Badges  
     Don't buy butter, cheese or ham  
     We want the people there to think in Leicester Square  
 That we're the boys that — helped to save old England  
     Order one to match your watch-chain  
     Get prompt deliv'ry if you can  
 When walking with your “gel” you'll feel a blooming “swell”  
     Your badge will mark you as — a MAN.

Our Badges will remind us of the things we leave behind us  
 When we pack our traps and cross the briny foam,  
 Of the meetings and the screechings of the BRA'ings and the bleatings  
 And our criticisms of the folk at home.  
 Of our peaceful deck-chair days and “the parting of the ways”  
 When some “brothers” shifted “Digs” to Barrack One.  
 Of the alterations lately and the “Dear Departed” Blakely  
 With his badges which made us wish we'd all got one. So —  
     Line up boys and order Badges  
     Buy big gold ones if you can  
 We want the people there to think in Leicester Square  
 That we're the boys who — never wrote for parcels  
     Back, back, back, again in England  
     Then we'll “swank” as tho' we'd fought  
 And tell 'em clear and loud of that Ruhleben crowd  
     That thought it “earned” the badges that it BOUGHT.  
B. C.

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IT is not true that “The Miracle” is to be produced in the Camp, but Adler has resigned his post on the Entertainments Committee.





THE letter from Mr. Hersee suggesting that a censor of Plays be attached to the Entertainments Committee is rather amusing. Really, Mr. Hersee, you ought to know that the Entertainment Committee has been the Censor all along! But not a one-man censor show, we have enough Brookfields in the Camp already and we know how numerous the Manchester Society is.

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WE have had high words with our tame humourists, for not supplying their quantum of jokes for this issue. They pleaded in excuse, that they expected to have an overdose of election wit, but. —

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WE are requested by the Camp Treasurer to ask the Camp to keep its paper money clean. They sell purses at the canteen! (the canteen is not paying for this).

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THE Irish players are going to give us "The Playboy of the Western World" by Synge. We are looking forward to it after having seen the last Irish production.

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WE are delighted to hear that "The Trial by Jury" the old Gilbert and Sullivan favourite is in course of rehearsal.

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THE R. X. D. asks us to apologise for the late delivery of some of the Camp magazines ordered by them but is prepared to guarantee that in future all copies will be delivered at at your boxes or on your bed in the loft before 9.30 of the morning of publication.

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By the way, no one thanked the Sports Committee at the Sports Prize-giving but it was just an unfortunate oversight, we all know how they worked and appreciate them accordingly.



"Louis XI"

W.S. Meloy

MAY we make one more plea that the Captains and the Entertainments Committee should sanction the ordering of theatre-tickets through the R. X. D. The box-office authorities maintain that this would give the better-off people an advantage over those who cannot afford the extra 10 pfennigs for the post. May we point out that those who can afford 50 pfennig theatre-tickets can all afford to pay the extra 10 pfennigs for the postage, so that it is not giving the people with the cash any undue advantage and the matter need not affect the cheaper seats. Why not avoid that curse of Ruhleben, lining-up, if one can? And for the Entertainments Committee to suddenly take up the culgels for those who cannot afford to pay an extra 10 pfennigs for their seats is really humorous!



BLACK AND WHITE.

THIS letter has been sent to the Captains by the following Societies: The Ruhleben Dramatic Society and the French, Irish, and German Dramatic Societies, The Arts & Science Union and the Musical Society.

Gentlemen,

At a joint meeting held to-day of representatives of the undersigned societies, the following resolutions were passed:—

- 1) That the present Entertainments Committee should be dissolved, and a new committee should be constituted, consisting of a Chairman from the Captains' body, a permanent Secretary without a vote, to be appointed by the Committee, and a representative from each of the following Societies concerned, viz:— Ruhleben Dramatic Society, the Irish, French and German Societies, the Musical Society, the Arts and Science Union, and the Variety Artists.
- 2) With the formation of this Committee, it takes upon itself the revision of all offices connected with the Hall and entertainments therein.
- 3) That in view of the fact that the money at present in possession of the Entertainments Committee has been earned by the societies represented at this meeting, we desire the Entertainments Committee to exhibit a balance-sheet of all monies that have passed through their hands since their formation.
- 4) That this letter be taken to the Captains by Messrs. Davis, Bonhote and Symilie as delegates of this meeting.

Signed for the various Societies.

TO GRUMBLE is the Englishman's privilege, but certain views expressed to us by the amphibious "Sir Thomas" appear to be not only sound, but also widely held by the inarticulate man



in the compound. "These 'ere entertainments and clubs 'll have to shut up in the winter. I've nothing against theatre shows at the right time and when I've got the cash, but this 'ere Entertainments Committee seems to think they 're the one thing we live for now. All we chaps want, and all we can pay for, is a place to smoke in, free, without getting wet, or all the baccy blown out of your pipe. And since these people took possession of the Hall to get their name up at our expense you can't go there for your evening smoke without standing in a queue and paying. And they chuck you out every five minutes through the day. Last winter we could stand under the sheds by the canteen, and in the other shanties round the Compound. But now every d — bit of shelter's been collared by some Committee, the Dramatics, or this club, or that society, or those private persons. Go up on the Grandstand! No thanks! I'd rather get wet in the Compound. Look at the Debates, the 're rotten, but they're always full, just because they 're free. I tell you, there'll be trouble if we 'can't have that hall in the winter."

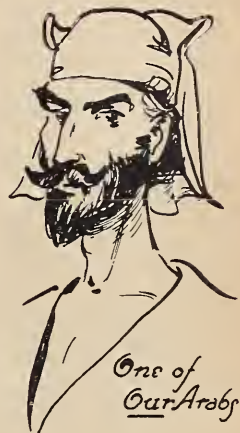
Would it not be possible to erect a shed in the Compound, say round the Robey boiler, where one could smoke without undue exposure to the elements. It would be no luxury, but would be cheaper than say a musical play. The rents presumably paid into the Camp Funds by the numerous clubs, for the exclusive use of space allotted to the Camp as a whole, might well be devoted to this purpose. Besides, there must be plenty of money if we can afford elections and gambling fairs.

IT is rumoured that Shaw's 'Don Juan in Hell' will be forthcoming later on from the Dramatic Society. Mr. Leigh Henry is said to have designed a remarkably fine scene, of which the prominent feature is a large broad road winding away up to the world of the living. Mr. Henry will provide the material for paving the road himself.

CUSTOMER (at tobacco stores): Tin of Salmon please!

SALESMAN: Now you're mistaken, this is the local Salmon and Gluckstein but we don't sell our proprietor tinned.

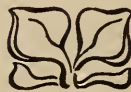
CONVERSATION overheard between two firemen, who had seemingly been disappointed by recent lecture recitals. They stood before the announcement of Mr. Bainton's admirable English Madrigal Concert and had evidently little knowledge of Musical Art Forms. Said one: "We 've had some mad shows in this blamed Camp but this is the limit of pottyness to advertise a lecture as such, and expect any sane folk to attend."



# ARTS & SCIENCE UNION

A French circle has been formed, under the direction of Mr. Balfour. It meets on Tuesdays at 3 P.M. We have to thank many gentlemen whose native language is French or who are proficient in the language, for their attendance. It is of great help to students of the language.

The work on the Loft of Barrack VI has had to be interrupted as the authorities require to make use of it for housing purposes. As the winter will bring an almost complete interruption of our work, as well as that of the school, unless we are successful in obtaining accommodation, we are therefore using every effort to this end. Proper accommodation would enable the majority of persons in this Camp to equip themselves for a better position, when they leave, and we trust therefore that everyone in a position to assist in this matter, will do so.



## THREE ONE ACT PLAYS.

The R.D.S. was scarcely recognisable in these three plays, the preparations were so quiet and unobtrusive that one lounged up to the Grand Stand patiently benevolent, expecting an evening of occasionally tiltiated boredom. "For if the R.D.S. don't think much of it", said someone, "then it must be pretty feeble". These expectations remained delightfully unfulfilled. The R.D.S. evidently caught in the rebound from a too feverish pursuit of the futurist drama, gave us an evening of conventional, but highly enjoyable entertainment.

The plays in themselves were none of them of extraordinary merit. "Jerry Bundler" as a type of the ordinary ghost-story, was mildly and pleasantly thrilling. "The Master of the House", of which Stanley Houghton has no particular cause to be proud, was saved by the

very promising acting of Mr. Horsefield, who, with more thorough coaching in the latter half of his difficult part, would have been a complete success. "The Ballad-monger" was remarkable for an excellent and unexpected piece of character acting by R. L. Anderson. As the sentimental hero, Mr. Anderson is often too sentimental and too heroic, but his Louis XI gave us a glimpse of heights unaccustomed in Ruhleben.

Good luck to the renascent R.D.S., the thing of modesty, quiet worth and good taste — that is on the nights when Mr. Johnson does not sing behind the tabs.

C. H. B.



W. W. M. 12



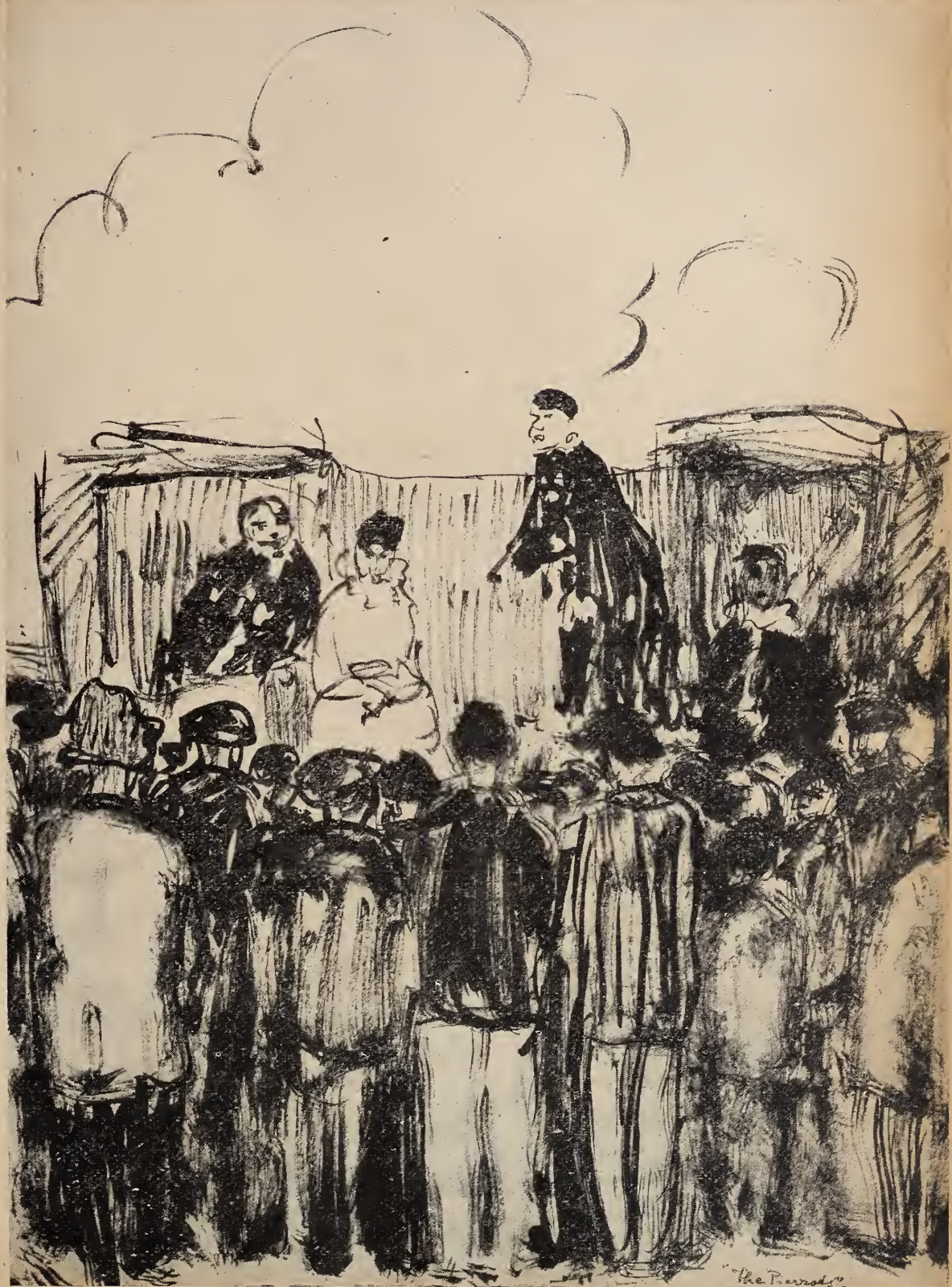


## ***BANK HOLIDAY.***

**B**ANK Holiday in Ruhleben — sounds rather paradoxical doesn't it? But we destroyed the paradox and made it a fact. This Camp will never languish for boredom. We all have our occasional attacks of "Ruhlebenitis" but they pass and slowly we are realising that if a man is bored here he has only himself to blame. Anyone who hunts for something to do in Ruhleben can find it, indeed the vast majority have already found it and it is our success in this direction that has made life possible. August Monday was a pleasant evidence of our ingenuity in finding weapons with which to fight the fiend Boredom. It was a go-as-you-please day. There was nothing organised, nothing arranged, it was simply "up to the Camp", as our American friends would say, and the Camp rose to the occasion.

The day passed without a hitch and though we were all the poorer for it (for mind you, no one made any money!) we had a really good time.

In response to an invitation for side-shows and booths, over sixty came forward and though we lacked our roundabouts and swinging boats, we were well provided with every form of cocoanut shy and at last we had a chance of getting rid of some of that "cocoa & milk." By the way, if there exists such a thing as a Staticians Society in the Camp, and surely Ruhleben is not without its Chiozza Money, it would be an interesting exercise for them to calculate the number of tins of "cocoa & milk" and "coffee & milk" per man. We throw a bouquet at Mr. Dadd, ever ready to offer up his avoirdupois on the altar of the Camp, he provided rare fun, but if we begin to name those who helped to make the Ruhleben Hampstead a success, we should exceed more than double the space at our disposal. Just a word, however, for the pierrots, for did they not provide us with our only two "Arriets" and to the men from the fruit stores who toiled all day in the hot sun like good-uns. And didn't that drink of "Berliner Weissbier" schmeck! In the evening we had the Promenade Concert and the distribution of sports prizes by the Baroness von Taube. In opening the proceedings Mr. Powell asked the Baroness to give away the prizes which she did with that feminine grace which has endeared her to the hearts of the whole Camp. After the distribution, Mr. Powell thanked the Baron and Baroness for their presence and announced that there was yet one other prize to be distributed, the ladies' prize, open to all comers, and this had been won by the Baroness. He thereupon handed to her a dainty silven-cup, inscribed as follows



"The Persians"



"TO FRAU BARONIN VON TAUBE.

Souvenir of the Ruhleben Camp Sports

May 24, 1915."

The Baroness who was evidently moved at this little token of the Camp's appreciation, took the Cup amid three cheers — cheers that really did one's heart good and convinced one that after all this IS an English Camp. They came from the men's very hearts, and we believe that the Baroness will always have a pleasant memory of those three ringing British cheers.

The Baron thanked the Camp most heartily for the reception it had given his wife. He said "I am deeply moved at your kindness and wish to thank you all most heartily in my wife's name for your goodness. I trust that peace may soon be restored and that you may all be able to return very shortly healthy and in good spirits to your homes and to the dear ones waiting for you. Again I thank you."

The crowd responded by singing "For he's a jolly good fellow" and another three cheers for the Baron concluded the proceedings.



*The And-Tamer.*



## ***THE ANTI-MEDAL MEETING.***

A crowded meeting, representative of all British interests in the Camp, gathered in the large Hall under the presidency of Mr. Pritchard, to protest against the action of a minority of the Camp in attempting to arrange for the sending from England to this Camp of souvenir badges, and also against the action of the British Ruhleben Society in writing to His Majesty's Government a letter of enquiry with regard to a "Ruhleben Medal."

Mr. W. F. Mackenzie in opening, said if the letter asking the Foreign Office about a Ruhleben medal expressed the opinion of the majority then it was time this Camp was run as a lunatic asylum. At a time like this when our Government and the American Embassy were overburdened with work we should not make a nuisance of ourselves by putting forward childish and ridiculous requests. We were only a nondescript collection of people, technically British subjects without a single other connecting-band, and we had done nothing whatever to deserve recognition. The least our country could expect of us was that we should act with a certain dignity and not behave in any way which would reflect unfavourably on our nation or would be likely to make us a laughing-stock amongst friends and enemies.

Mr. Barry spoke to a similar effect.

Mr. T. H. Tivey moved the following resolution:—

"**THAT:** This meeting calls upon the Camp to act consistently with the maintenance of good relations with the American Embassy at Berlin and with the authorities and people in England. It regards as undignified and inopportune the application to external authorities for badges, and trusts that all associations in the Camp will agree with this point of view.

Mr. Tivey said the meeting was not so much a protest-meeting as a meeting to give the majority of the Camp an opportunity to give its opinion. Until now the small bodies have been articulate; the Camp generally has been content to laugh and joke at the "Medal Question". The statement made by Mr. Scholl at a meeting of the B.R.A. on Sunday, to the effect that a letter had been written to H.M. Government, asking if they would issue a medal to civilian prisoners after the war — a letter which fortunately did not leave the Camp — seemed so serious that they organized that meeting.

They wished to interfere with no one's personal liberty. But it must be remembered that as prisoners of war here, we were something more than private individuals. We had a public, or semi-public responsibility, to ourselves, to our

government and to our people. It was quite possible for a comparatively small body of men, by some impolitic action, to prejudice our relations with England and to injure our reputation. Medals we had no right to and if it was only a commemorative badge these people wanted, then they should wait until their common experience was really a memory.

The remittance of money to England at a time when money is coming in large sums into the Camp for the relief of the desitution here, would create certain very unsavoury impressions. It would lay us open to accusations of levity, extravagance and conceit. It might indeed result in very definite action with regard to the help we are receiving.

In view of these considerations, the desires of the minorities must be subordinated to the general opinion.

Capt. Allcide briefly seconded the notion.

Mr. Beaumont, speaking as a private individual and not as a Captain, heartily endorsed all that had been said by the other speakers.

The Chairman then put the motion which was carried with one dissentient.

## **VOCALISTS AT THE COMING "PROM" CONCERTS.**

THE organisers of the Promenade Concerts do not seem to know that there is a large amount of hidden vocal talent in the Camp. The following list may prove helpful in making up future programmes.

- |   |            |                                   |
|---|------------|-----------------------------------|
| "I Kept on Turning the Handle"            | sung by    | <i>Captain Powell</i>             |
| "My Beastly Eyeglass"                     | - duett by | <i>Leigh Henry and Alex. Boss</i> |
| "P. C. 49"                                | sung by    | <i>Mr. Butchart</i>               |
| "On the Mississippi"                      | „          | <i>Mr. O'Hara Murray</i>          |
| "The Ragtime Curate"                      | „          | <i>Mr. Ketchum</i>                |
| "Sherlock Holmes"                         | „          | <i>Mr. Goldschmidt jr.</i>        |
| "The Ragtime Postman"                     | „          | <i>Mr. Moresby-White</i>          |
| "That Hypnotising Man"                    | „          | <i>Mr. Pritchard</i>              |
| "Swank"                                   | „          | <i>Mr. Crossland-Briggs</i>       |
| "The Galloping Major"                     | „          | <i>Mr. Abercasis</i>              |
| "Sing Something Irish in Ragtime"         | „          | <i>Mr. Smyllie</i>                |
| "Solomon Levi"                            | „          | <i>The Lobster</i>                |
| "With my Little Wigger-Wagger in my Hand" |            | <i>Mr. Goodchild</i>              |
| "I Dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls"   | sung by    | <i>the whole Camp</i>             |

Would make an effective Finale in the concerts.

Oh, just one more! Perhaps, - I say PERHAPS - *Mr. Jarchow* - the famous Musical Comedy Star - may be persuaded to sing

"NO MORE"!

Omega.

# THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

## *And the Rest of the Family.*

*A Peep Behind the Scenes at The Frivolity, Ruhleben.*



LOOKING over some papers lying about in the Library waste-paper basket, the other day, I happened to come upon several scraps of old magazines bearing advertisements of our colony Australia, inviting young Englishmen to try their luck in a new country and expatiating on the attractions of the land of the kangaroo and the damper. Now I am interested in advertising and I fell to wondering how one would best advertise England and Englishmen abroad. I should have had to confess myself stumped for good "copy", had I not changed to pass the open door of the Grand Stand Hall, from whence came sounds of a rehearsal. Then it came upon me as a flash. A profusely illustrated booklet describing our Camp theatre would absolutely meet the case.

It is a long time since "Androcles & the Lion" took the Camp by storm, and we have become very blasé and take the latest improvements very much for granted, but when one reflects that our theatre is entirely the outcome of amateur talent — I speak of the theatre as such, not of the plays — one begins to feel proud of Ruhleben.

Does the Camp realise that our amateur stage carpenters have had to produce the scenery for the plays which so delight us, from absolutely raw material?

Carry the mind back to the library scene in "The Speckled Band" or the morning-room scene in "The Private Secretary". There was nothing wrong with them! They did not strike one as lacking any essentials. The furniture was all in perfectly good taste, in better taste indeed that one would find in many a middle-class house. Nothing indicated that the arm-chair — the dear old arm-chair which deserves a second Eliza Cook to sing its praises — was the same old product of four sugar



(Continued on page 21)



# THE RUHLEBEN PICTURE PALACE

will open shortly

in the

## GRAND STAND

(East End)



The programme will be changed each week. There will be shows daily and the entrance fee will be 10 pfennigs.

For further particulars see future announcements by the

### ENTERTAINMENTS COMMITTEE.

boxes, odd bits of crêpe left over from the curtains, and a good half of some poor wretch's bed, which has done duty since "Strife" awakened discussion in our midst.

That old arm-chair has been born again — that is, been recovered with another bob's worth of crêpe — for every production we have had in the Camp with the exception of "Androcles & the Lion". What tales the old chair could tell of Enid of Strife, torn between love of her father and sympathy for the strikers; of the gay sailor in Captain Brassbound who did a jig on it, and how it wickedly used to send him head over heels at every rehearsald of the wicked step-father of "The Speckled Band": of the lordly graces of "As You Like It" (for then the old thing had its back and arms removed and "appeared" as part of a mossy bank); of the dainty matrimonial tiffs of the French Players: of the gorgeousness of the Count of Luxembourg — and all, remember, for an outlay of perhaps two marks and the wrath of the man whose bed is minus its shavings.

Of course now-a-days, the poor old thing is rather put in the shade by its rich wooden cousins, built especially for His Majesty, Louis XI of France to sit in, and no wonder, for did not three marks worth of timber go to their manufacture? Then there is the old chair's brother, the sofa. Really, versatility runs in the family, for the old chap has also sustained a rôle in nearly every play so far. He cost us three marks, and no one can deny his having given us our money's worth a dozen times over. Throw a red bit of crêpe over him and he graces a dining-room, throw a green bit of crêpe over him and he adorns a drawing-room, throw a brown bit of crêpe over him and he just strikes the tone for a study. Once he had his back and arms taken off and did duty as a four-poster bed. For "The Silver Box" the old boy was equipped with four new legs, made from bits of "Strife" scenery still knocking around the dramatic shed, and now he feels ready to do justice to a baronial hall.

Then those English fire-places, they are only canvass, wood and paint, and seven marks would cover the cost; but they talk, especially to those who haven't seen a homely English mantel-piece for years. And the high club fender with the upholstered top — it invites one to sit down on it there and then and yarn of the Old Country but that stage-carpenter will kick up a row if you do; the Ruhleben fender wasn't made to sit on, it was made to "play a part". Of course one can understand the carpenter taking care of it, for the fender let me tell you is one of our really costly articles of furniture. You see, the bars are broom handles and these cost

# THE PRODIGAL SON

A Mimodrama in three acts by Michel Carré

:: Music by André Wormser ::



September 3<sup>rd</sup>  
and following nights

CONDUCTOR:

C. Weber

PRODUCER:

H. G. Hopkirk

*This work has been orchestrated specially for this occasion by: E. L. Bainton, B. J. Dale, E. C. MacMillan & C. Weber.*



20 pfennigs each at the Canteen, still the Entertainments Committee needn't grumble at having to pay three marks for him, for though to you he may seem an insignificant piece of goods, he really does a lot to give a "finish" to the scene. His upholstered top is covered with crêpe too.

What should we do without that crêpe? You remember its first appearance don't you — the red appeared as the hangings to the Colliseum scene in "Androcles & the Lion" while the green was "a rhythmical representation of a forest" for "As You Like It". How the carpenter grinned as he gave me this last bit of information! Since those days we have had all our upholstered furniture covered with red or green crêpe, and it is wonderful how they alternate it so that we do not get tired of it.

Besides covering the furniture, those curtains have done duty as the wall-paper for the lady's bed-room in "The Speckled Band", dressed the poet in "The Ballad Monger", trimmed Miss Molly M'Ginty's dress, acted as the garden outside the window — this part was played by the green ones obviously — and last but not least, they formed the wall which rendered the "hanging" of our Ruhleben Royal Academy possible. They are not dead yet of course; I haven't been to see "The Silver Box" yet, but I have no doubt those old curtains crop up somewhere in it, and not in a minor rôle either! Naturally, we don't enclose the stage with them any longer — we have outgrown the old curtains so far as that is concerned, and attained to "flats". You don't know what "flats" are? — neither did I until I talked to Mr. Carpenter about it. They are the screens made of canvas stretched on a light wooden frame. They cost M. 140.—, but they can be repainted for six marks and think what the Irishmen did with them — turned them into "real live scenery" thus giving us a sea-scape and an Emerald Isle landscape. The furnishing of the study scene in "The Speckled Band", one of the most elaborate that has been put on at the Frivolity, Ruhleben, including the painting of the "flats", cost under forty marks. Really it makes one cease to dread the idea of marriage!

The prettiest bit of furniture we have is the little Moorish table. It was made for Capt. Brassbound out of the old foot-light board which had to be taken up when we adopted electric foot-lights, and now one naturally looks for it whenever a drawing-room scene is on the boards.

But if you want to borrow money from any of our stage carpenters first turn the conversation to grandfather-clocks. That clock is the real apple of their eyes. Two sugar-boxes went to make the body, the face is canvass, the hands are pieces of

a cigar-box and the bit of ornament on the top of the face was taken off a real mirror. Whose mirror? Well, it wasn't your mirror, so that *you* need not worry about it! The Entertainments Committee are proud of it too, for the bill was only M. 2.50.

Thinking I might find something interesting I fished about in the property-box and my first haul was the roast goose which made me feel so hungry at "The Ballad-Monger". Near to, he hardly had as great an effect for one could see he was nothing but sawdust and canvass. The next thing was a rifle. "Capt. Brassbound" is a long way back, but surely you remember those rifles? One broomstick, a bit of webbing, part of a Huntley & Palmer's biscuit-tin for the lock, some paint and hey presto! — there you are, a Lee Metford guaranteed not to bounce if dropped on the stage, and all for 50 pfennigs. That reminds me; the carpenters confess to one failure — the poker that behaved so badly in "The Speckled Band" but then, as they pointed out to me, if Dr. Rylott hadn't dropped it the beastly thing would never have bounced! At my next dip I got a pair of handcuffs and a revolver; the former made of bits of wood and rope and the latter carved out of plaster of Paris, with a pocket-knife. Then came some green bits of cardboard at which the carpenters laughed. They were the leaves of the forest, they explained. It took twenty-five men to cut them out and paint them and they had a fearful row with the box-office people who complained that the carpenters had pinched all the cardboard and left them none to make tickets with, "And the ticket money was more important than the rotten forest, etc. etc."

Who are the men who do all this? Well, Higginson was the first man on the job; he's dropped it now, but all honour to him for having done the pioneer work. James was his second-in-command and has stuck at it nobly all through. James wants to fit up the transformation scene for the Christmas pantomime! Then there is Kindersley — you all know him; he used to sell us margarine before he turned stage-hand — a good all-round sport is K. Finally, there is Baxter, the Marconi man, always smiling and always working, a fine combination! You ought to throw a bouquet at the whole quartette, Mr. Editor! There are other stage hands, but their turn will come when I talk of the stage fittings — Sandy White, for instance, who does odd jobs anywhere and after helping with the scenery, goes on to the stage and acts his part well! The Camp ought to be proud of all and I believe it is.

SPINTHO.



# RUHLEBEN CAMP SCHOOL

## REPORT PRESENTED AT THE GENERAL MEETING OF TEACHERS.

(Prepared by the retiring Committee, 24<sup>th</sup> July, 1915.)

Gentlemen,

The object of the present Report is to place all those interested in the educational effort of the Camp School in a position to estimate the value of what has been done since the School's inception: it is a record of persistent effort to meet continual, unexpected and uncontrollable difficulties — a thought that must be borne in mind, not only by those who wish to estimate what has been done, but still more by those who wish to help in the furtherance of the School's Work.

It was in the early days of January last, that Mr. Reynolds, at the suggestion of the Arts & Science Union called a meeting of teachers with the object of setting up a school in the Camp: a Committee was then elected to undertake this work, consisting of Messrs. Tillyard, Agharkar, Hart, Platow, Henriksen, Reynolds & Ford — the last named to be Chairman, Mr. Reynolds to be Secretary.

Two possible courses were open to the Committee: 1) to find out what the Camp could teach, and offer a Syllabus based on that enquiry: 2) to find out what the Camp wanted to learn, and to satisfy that demand as well as possible. The second course was adopted, and a suggestive Syllabus was drawn up and circulated, together with Application Forms. Over 1100 of these were returned, applying in most cases for three Classes (the maximum offered to each) and ranging over a very wide field of subjects, nearly all of which, however, the Committee had reasonable hope of being able to satisfy.

Though the demand for instruction was thus shown to be very strong, the committee now met their first disappointment: for the A. S. U., who had undertaken the responsibility of finding accommodation for class teaching, were quite unable to do anything in this matter. All sorts of suggestions were made in the proper quarters but nothing came of them, and the School's effort thus early received a check from which it has never fully recovered: and even now the question of accommodation cannot be considered altogether satisfactory.

In order, however, to prevent waste of time and the disappointment of intending pupils, and in order to show how strong and real was the demand for education, the Committee now proposed to start a system of classes in Boxes and Loft Corners: for which work a Subcommittee was appointed — Messrs. Ford, Henriksen, and Hart (the last named being now appointed Secretary in place of Mr. Reynolds resigned). This Subcommittee then circulated slips, asking for the use of Boxes and Loft Corners, and therein formed some thirty classes, consisting for the most part of the occupants of those places and their acquaintances. Feeling, however, that this system was rapidly exhausting the teaching capacity of the Camp, and was leading to an unsatisfactory grouping of pupils

(ADVT.)

(CONTINUED OVERLEAF.)



— difficult to regroup on a sound basis when proper accommodation could be found — the Sub-committee refrained from pressing this development, forming classes only where exceptional keenness was shown.

With the advent of warm weather, and the possibility of class teaching being undertaken on the Third Grand Stand, and later in the Loft of Barrack 6, the activity of the School developed rapidly, until at the present date, some 75 classes are at work, giving tuition to some 700 pupils.

Such is in brief the outward history of the School's inception and development, and there remains now but to state as succinctly as possible, the somewhat disjointed facts of its inner history including the question of Finance.

In this latter connection, two considerations governed the Committee's action: by way of revenue, the Committee originally proposed to invite a voluntary subscription from pupils, or from others interested in promoting the School's welfare, but the uncertainty of the continuance of classes did not justify the Committee in asking for these subscriptions. Moreover, when the Camp Education Committee came into existence, the School came within the Captains' scheme of that Committee's activities, and we now look to the Education Committee to defray the School's expenses, as it is their expressed wish that instruction in the Camp School should as far as possible be free. So far the only financial help the School has had is a renewable credit of fifty Marks for petty expenses placed at our disposal by the Education Committee. We have, however, been careful to restrict expenditure to limits that can easily be met from our own resources if necessary.

The difficult task of straightening out the School's accounts was entrusted to Mr. Bodin, who undertook the work of Temporary Treasurer, for among our other difficulties our Treasurer, Mr. Lazarus, for private reasons, felt unable to continue the work: and with the aid of Mr. Platford, a statement was drawn up in three parts: 1st, Cash Account, showing a balance in hand of M 7.10; 2nd, an Income & Expenditure Account, showing total expenditure of M 294.95 and Total Income of M 18, giving a deficit of M 276.95; 3rd, a Balance Sheet showing to whom the School was in debt. These accounts will be presented to the Education Committee for settlement.

This Report would not be complete without reference to the fact that some weeks ago the Camp School united with the classes formed by Mr. Wimpfheimer, the latter becoming a member of the School Committee, and his classes registering on the School's Books. Though these classes had considerably fallen off at the time of amalgamation, they at one time numbered about 33 with nearly 200 pupils.

Mention too, we feel, should be made, of the Series of Meetings between the Committee and the Teachers, beginning with the Social Gathering and ending at this General Meeting, for they have shown that whatever difficulties we have had to face, and however imperfect in consequence the organisation of the School's work may be, this at least, the present Committee has effected — we have called into being a competent and energetic body of Teachers from whom can now be elected a new representative Committee, that will be wholly capable, in light of the pioneer Committee's experience, to carry on the administration of the Camp School with every reasonable hope of solid success.

(ADVT.)

## THE MEN FROM MARS.

THERE is a popular misconception abroad that the people of Mars are very grotesque beings. But this is really not so. Physically they are much the same as we are, being easily mistaken for chimpanzees, as we shall see. Intellectually, however, there is a great gulf fixed between us. With their vastly superior knowledge they justly regard our minds as being of the same species as those of decently brought up insects. They are able to render their bodies quite invisible, in which state they can float through space, if they will, without experiencing any discomfiture. Thus it was that two Martians of repute, Prof. Maks and Dr. Morritso, came upon this earth. As luck would have it, they alighted within the Ruhleben Gefangenenlager.

After having switched on, so to speak, a certain mental current, which enables Martians to understand and speak any barbarous lingo, such as English, they separately mingled with the crowd.

Towards the evening they met to compare their experiences.

Said Prof. Maks: "Well, friend, what do you think of this place?"

"Not much" replied Dr. Moritso, "rather strange — almost uncanny."

"I thought at first we must have dropped into some monastery. I've not met a single woman here."

"True, but the language is far from monastic."

Both were silent for a moment, as if trying, yet fearing, to read each others thoughts.

"Dr. Moritso" at length, said the Professor, "I believe you have come to the same conclusion as I."

"And that is?"

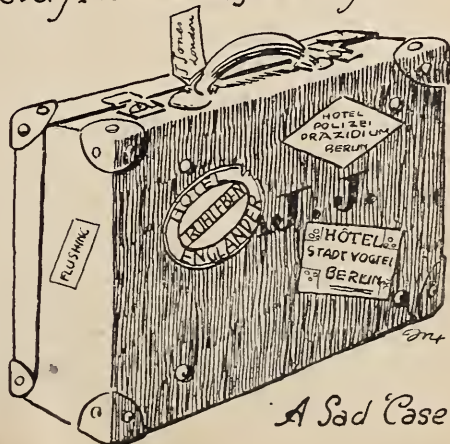
"We are in a mad-house."

"Exactly my opinion — I have spoken with many men to-day, and everyone shows unmistakable signs of lunacy."

"Just my experience too."

"Did you not notice too that there is no escape from here? Armed men guard the boundaries."

*Every Picture tells a Story!!!*



*A Sad Case'*



"That but confirms my suspicions."

Just then a surging mob carried them off their feet and deafened them with their roaring:

"One man, one medal" "Gold badges for golden chains!" "Down with him!" "We are all equal!" "Liar!" "Just a souvenir!" "Sit down!" "Bronze for all!" "Bronze for all!" "Home Counties! — no snobbery! — common face design!" "Tyranny!"

In the midst of all this hubbub a hoarse voice whispered in the Martians' ears. "If you're discovered, you're lost!"

"Good Lord!" said the Professor to the Doctor, "did you hear that warning?"

"I did, replied the Doctor, and I think we'd better be getting."

They rushed headlong away from the throng — but lo! — straight into the arms of another mob.

"Vote for Cohen — beer! There was a cow! Compensation! Climbed up a tree! Down with Gastank! Hurrah! Here are Castang's apes. Come on boys!"

Our two guests were unceremoniously collared by a gang of white and coloured youths, carried away shoulder high, amidst great jubilation and immersed in a tub of violet paint. After their baptism, they were stuck on the roof of the boiler house for general amusement. Soon, a great shout announced the arrival of the Castangians, who in noise and numbers far excel any other party. By these the two visitors were rescued; and Castang, the great Castang himself, fell about their necks weeping for joy.

"Come with me dearies" he sobbed "come with me. I will take you to the Captain and all will be well."

"But dear Mr. Castang," said the Professor "will you not promise me. —"

"I promise you nothing, darlings, and you'll get it all right." Meanwhile, Captain Whiteband arrived.

"What's this? — I've got no time to waste — have you filled up these little white slips? — Have you two Government blankets?"

Driven to desperation by the utter confusion around them, the two bold men from Mars made a dash for the fences. Getting hitched up by their beam-ends, however, on the barbed wire, they were easily captured and transferred to Barrack 11 — Seventy-two hours.

Perhaps, after all, Professor Maks and Dr. Moritso have reason to think that we are all stark, staring mad. At all events. Solomon was right when he said — "Where there are no women, all men are a screw loose." (Eccles. X: 112).





"Black wine"

## SOUVENIR BADGES

*(The attitude of the Combined Societies in the Souvenir Question: Australia.s, London & Home Counties, Canadians, South Africans, Irish, Welsh, Yorkshire. Written by Alex. H. Bodin.)*

The Combined Societies in the Camp are confronted to their regret with the most clear fact that 1) the letter to the British Government and 2) the Anti-medal meeting protesting against that letter have yet again made their position and action obscure and wish for no more than such publicity as will remove these grounds of misunderstanding.

The motion submitted at the Anti-medal Meeting was drawn up in view of the definite action of a recognised body in the Camp, and in asserting that application to external authorities for badges, is both inopportune and undignified, without question expresses a real public indignation, and with the expression of this indignation the Combined Societies and every sensible man in the Camp is in spirited agreement.

But these Societies feel that motion as a whole shows no recognition of sympathy for the entirely praiseworthy desire of the majority of men in the Camp for a souvenir of their stay here, and no true solicitude to distinguish between the action of that particular body and this quite different desire, and that accordingly the launching of a motion indefinite in this respect into the already troubled sea of opinion was not the best service to the Camp which the circumstances allowed.

The resolution put on the Societies through the medium of an appeal to the sense of propriety of the Camp the double ones of dissociating themselves from a step which they have never thought or would think of disputing; and this is a position which they disavow.

They further feel that only the ignoring of this distinction between the action of the particular body in the Camp on the one hand and the souvenir interest, and the position of the combined Societies on the other could make possible a public call on the CAMP to "act consistently with the maintenance of good relations with the American Embassy at Berlin and with the authorities and people in England", and that such a notion is undeserved, and that a public expression of this fact is due to the CAMP and to that great majority of its members, whether interested in the souvenir question or not, whose appreciation of the trial Britain in common with the rest of the world is passing through, and whose sensitiveness to their own position here and to their relations with the authorities and people at home is above reproach.

What have the Societies done? They have sought to meet the desire — the real and unimpeachable desire — of the



great majority of men in the Camp for a simple yet pleasing souvenir of their stay here; and have merely recognised in their action — as everyone who gives it a moment's thought does recognise — that the larger the body of fellow-prisoners who symbolise their common experience by the same souvenirs, the more valuable to each man is his souvenir.

A souvenir is only a symbol of something — like the prize you win at school or in sport, like the photograph of a group of friends or a picnic-party. In this case the souvenir will symbolise the people who have met here, and the circumstances under which they have met, and the associations and interests which have grown up among us, and all the joys and worries, and the whole range of experiences which the word *Ruhleben* will bring to the memory of everyone here when he sees that word in that future time when all the circumstances and associations and most of the friends whom you are now nodding to every day live only in the memory. Who from false shame or ridicule would betray his homely sentiments or the homely way of memorialising his lot, because there has been confused talk about the thing?

A souvenir is not a medal. A medal is a decoration awarded for example, for bravery, and bravery is a man's action in circumstances your imagination can easily supply. Between a Souvenir and a Medal is a world of difference.

Whether you take a souvenir or not is a matter for you to decide. If a man feels no desire for one let him not take one; and if the fact that the great majority of his fellow-prisoners wish for and take souvenirs gives it no value in his eyes, why! Still let him not take one. But if you take one, remember, your friends will value it because it is a small memorial of a trying part of your life which lives for them only in your descriptions. You will value it yourselves. You won't always be thinking of it, but you will think of it sometimes and there will be pleasant memories even if the things you remember are not so pleasant. You will have few other souvenirs which mean so much to you. Is there any reason why the satisfaction of this pleasing, homely and unimpeachable interest of ours should disturb the harmony of our relations between us and the American Embassy or the authorities and people at home? Not the shadow of one! With this, the application to the British Government for permanent badges has nothing in common, and this latter step, we believe, not only is inopportune, but is and ever will be undignified.

It is loosely said about the Camp that we are a nuisance to the authorities at home. We are not a nuisance to the authorities at home. We are to both the authorities and people



at home a cause of colicitude. Though our circumstances prevent our sharing in those forms of help which we would more gladly give, this is our misfortune. But we have our own little trials and we bear them the best way we can, and the simple desire to commemorate in harmony our common lot in a simple common Souvenir will only be to the people at home and to the authorities, should they ever afterwards come to hear of it, a matter of the most friendly approval.

## OUR REPLY.

IN reply to Mr, Bodin, we should like to point out:

1. It is evidently not the wish of the *majority* of the Camp to send for a souvenir badge of Ruhleben *while interned here* as is clearly shown by the fact that *seventy per cent* of the men in the barracks canvassed signed the resolution passed with *one dissentient* at the anti-medal meeting.

2. Those who organised and spoke at the anti-medal meeting have nothing to say against the adoption of a souvenir badge; all they ask is that those badges *be not brought into this Camp* — what a man does outside is a matter of personal taste.

3. Asking the American Embassy to look after the forwarding of money to England for the purchase of badges is *worrying the Embassy*. As there is a prohibition on the export of metal from England, it will entail *worrying His Majesty's Government* for leave to send out the badges — indeed we happen to know that the American Embassy at Berlin *has referred this matter to the British Foreign Office*.

4. The people who want badges in gold and silver have decided to wait *until they get home*, then why cannot the others do so also?

5. The sending back to England of a large sum of money for badges, when England is sending large sums every week to relieve destitution in this Camp will inevitably produce a false impression and indeed may have a very unfavourable effect on the sending out of relief, *both monetary and in the form of parcels*.

6. A badge is *quite unnecessary* in this Camp, then why do not those who want one wait until they are at home again and the purchase of their badges cannot possibly harm anyone!

WHY PERSIST?

EDITOR.

TO CONTRIBUTORS. Kindly note that we do NOT require any poems, jokes, pictures, articles or anything which has the Supermen as subject. The Camp is fed up with them and so are we!

## THE IRISH PLAYERS.



*On the scene of the play.*

AFTER having seen the Irish players in their productions "The Night of the Wake" and "Mrs. M'Ginty's Lodger" one noted on the posters their intention to submit three plays by Yeats and Lady Gregory with somewhat mixed anticipations. On the night of the performance the receipt of a very badly printed programme in return for one's penny, together with rather groggy introductory music of the variety type, did not tend to brighten expectation. A few minutes of "Cathleen ni Houlihan" served however to convince us that here we had before us a really serious Irish effort, and on the fall of the curtain all minor considerations sank in a feeling of gratitude and respect to the Irishmen among us for having so boldly attacked a subject so worthy and difficult of interpretation.

In no case was the acting above the average. Wilson as Peter gave us the most finished product; Green (as Bridget, his wife) has no aptitude for a motherly part; Michael, the son, was wood, unrelieved by the faintest facial play in a character where tenderness and quick inspiration are essential if the human note is to be struck; Caleb, as Cathleen ni Houlihan, the dark centrepiece of the play, was certainly excellent within the limits of his sex and age. And yet, such was the quiet sincerity with which the players said their lines that the spectator, following the thought in word rather than its expression in deed, was able to pierce through indistinct action and blurred movement right to the heart of the play, and rose, when the curtain fell on the scene, with a warmer sympathy and a closer under-

standing for the problems and enthusiasm of our unhappy Cinderalla sister-isle.

They were less fortunate in the two plays by Lady Gregory that followed. To the foreigner, anxious to get at grips with the Irishman as he is, Lady Gregory's pictures of Irish life seem stagey, shallow and superficial — even when judged as humour alone. Taken as so much gag-material by clever players they may serve to amuse, but to reel them off after such a little gem as "Cathleen" seems almost sacrilege and in this case came near to spoiling the evening. Why wasn't "Cathleen" put last?

"The Rising of the Moon" was most notable for its scenery, the effect of which was partly spoiled by policemen pushing their way through green curtains at the front of the stage to get on to the quay; the bull-dog lantern was another mistake. The whole thing had the air of a badly done music-hall turn. Neither actors nor audience felt the piece.

Smyllie and Wilson, the players of the principal roles in this play retrieved their endangered laurels in the squall entitled "Spreading the News". Here again the scenic effects were striking — to put it mildly. Wilson's quiet humour was the real thing, and Smyllie's impersonation of the old apple-woman so belief-inspiring that one realised it as a piece of clever acting only when he took off his wig. The scene developed towards the end into a free fight; and free fights — unfortunately for the Irishman — never come off on the stage, the spectator getting bored and not knowing where to pin his attention. Rising exhausted from holding one's sides at Caleb's amusing squalling, one was inclined to dismiss the evening with a "Well, they've given us a good laugh, anyway" — but from under the din arose the murmur "They have taken from me my four beautiful green fields" — and one stopped to reconsider and appraise our Irish through Yeat's eyes — that is, at their best and truest.

H. M.

### ***PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENTS:***

"TRUTH, HONOUR, JUSTICE, AND THEIR APPLICATION TO GAMES OF CHANCE" by *A. Boss of Surrey*. Blue Cloth, 3/- Carlton Publ. Co.

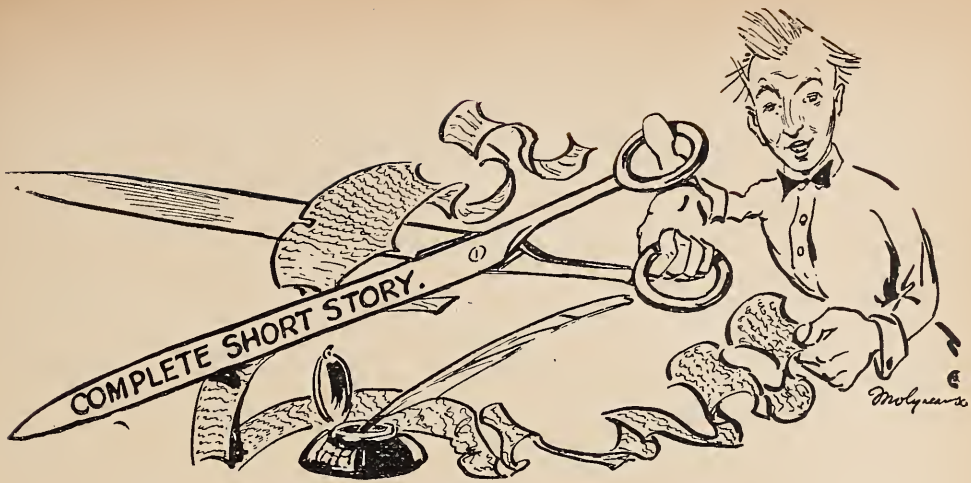
"SEVENTY-TWO HOURS" — *Elinor Glinn* — Constable & Co.

"WHAT I SHALL DO FOR CHINA" — *P. Oggson* — Howe, Long & Wenn.

"MANAGEMENT OF LARGE ESTATES" — *Boz* — L. Ection & Co.

"HOW TO SECURE VOTES: HINTS BY ONE WHO KNOWS" — *R. Castang* — "Suffragette Publ. Co."





## THE PORTRAIT.

THE first part of the story took place several months ago, and this is how. As I was sitting in the barbers' shop, waiting for a shave, a dark-haired man, weird and wild in his attire, entered the enclosure and sat down next to me. Having pulled out his pipe, he felt about for a match, until I came to his assistance. "Thank you sir"; he lit up and held the match in his fingers until it went out. "The flame is dead" he said with a slow, sad smile and then turning to me — "perhaps sir, you would like to hear my story?"

I said I should be delighted.

"It was years ago in England", he began "that I fell in love; not as most men fall in love, — my love was boundless and deep as the infinite, the girl whom I adored was ah! — so beautiful and sang oh! — so sweetly. She had aspirations towards the stage."

He paused a moment and ran his fingers through his hair. The poor fellow was evidently deranged. He went on:

"Ever since she had told me that she loved me, I had been as one nectar-intoxicated; till suddenly the brimming cup was dashed from my lips . . . on the telephone — a false connection — I heard her call him "Gussy dear" — and my name is Rupert. We never met, Gussy and I, all I could learn of him was that he had fair hair and an eyeglass. I had words of course with the girl; and the upshot of it all was that I took to the road, until my cash — I had saved up for the honeymoon — was all gone. This happened, by chance, in Germany, where to cut a long story short, I have been struggling along on odd jobs — I play the violin a bit — ever since. All these years she has been dead to me."

At this point he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and appeared quite painfully surprised to find that his pouch was empty. I passed him mine.

"It was to my intense relief, financial and otherwise, that I was brought here last November, with the rest. At first, I lived in one of the lofts, it was not till shortly before Christmas that I got a bed downstairs. Now sir" — his voice was strained — "try and imagine, if you can, my feelings, when I entered the box that was to be my future home, and saw, on the bed above mine, in a silver frame, a photograph of *HER*, changed indeed with the years but still unmistakably the girl I had loved and lost!"

He broke off in emotion. "Extraordinary" I said, "go on".

"In what state of mind I waited for the owner of the portrait to appear, you may imagine . . . I will not deceive you, he *WAS*, a man with fair hair and an eyeglass!

"Sir, I assure you, from that day to this I have known no peace. I have my rival — my enemy — within my grasp, and yet cannot strike — I might get cells if I did. I have hidden my hate — *He doesn't know*, he cannot guess the power of a strong man's hatred.

"Every morning I pray that he may fall out of bed and break his neck, I watch him at meals, in the hope that he may choke; I rejoice when I see him fetching hot water, that he burn his fingers. I have got him into the black books of —"

"But you surely don't mean to —" I interrupted.

"I do", he hissed, "you mark my words, sir, I have stood it long enough; one of these days I shall do something — his lips were touching my ear — dreadful!"

"Next for shaving!", called the barber, and I went.

On one of these beautiful evenings in early summer, I was admiring the view from the top of the middle grand-stand. Two men were sitting in front of me, I could not help overhearing their conversation. The subject was not an uncommon one among Ruhlebenites — they were discussing their box-mates. The younger of the two, who, I noticed, had fair hair, was saying:

"Yes, the rest of the chaps are all right. We got old Spagoni out the day before yesterday; the beggar was absolutely dotty, yet he seemed to be immensely attracted to me; ever since he came into our box, he hardly took his eyes off me — used to follow me about like a dog. I humoured him though, he was quite harmless, until he broke out last week. You know that picture post-card of Dolly Danver of the "Frolics" in

the silver frame — I won it in a raffle before Christmas? Well, at the spring cleaning I put my foot through the thing, and old Spag raved and cursed at me for nearly an hour as though the photo had belonged to him — absolutely off his rocker! We got him away after that. Lucky beggar being released all the same!"

G. H. M.

## THE STORK

AS I sat  
Before the open Barrack door  
And thought, how dead my days,  
How dirty, void and worthless quite  
Had grown my life in this unlovely place  
Where cobwebbed thought  
And effort pitifully frustrate  
Beat meshéd wings  
Against a barrier unseen,  
Impalpable  
Like baffled flies against a window-  
pane —

As I sat  
And dozed, too listless grown  
To stem the creeping tide of apathy  
That cloyed my brain and paralysed  
my limbs,  
Sudden there came  
A noise of rushing wings,  
And starting up I saw a stork:

A stork,  
So quaint and rare,  
Arrayed in all its inlaid panoply  
Of black and white and grey:  
With outstretched neck,  
And long legs on the trail,  
And two great steady bravely-beat-  
ing wings:  
— Like some stray piece of a  
Japanese screen,

Or like an old-world fairytale  
Scared from out its dusty lair  
And flying  
Adown our present Everyday —  
Across my startled eyes it flew,  
So brave and strong and free —  
Oh free —  
Home to its windy nest.

Life stirred deep within my breast,  
And turned,  
And slept again.

I jumped right up out of my chair,  
And knew  
Right there and then,  
That on some distant, distant day  
Far out ahead  
I'd see that stork again fly past  
My clearer, reminiscent eyes,  
And looking back  
I'd gauge this time, it's good and bad,  
And smile  
And wonder happily  
At the undefeated life  
That lies  
Deep hidden, warm, secure, right down  
In you and me,  
When evil threatens, and dire storms  
Batter the unaspiring flesh  
To idiot indifference . . .

CUSTOMER (at Greengrocery Store, who has bought article to the value of 15 pfennigs): Change me five marks?  
SALESMAN: My dear sir, this is a canteen, not a counting house.



## STOLEN MIDNIGHT INTERVIEWS

By "The Spectral Dustman."

No. 1. Mr. C. Nacnud Senoj.

THE shades of night had fallen. Only the steady ominous tramping of sentries round the walls, and the occasional ghostly outline of a hurrying, pyjama-clad being bound for Cooper Square, disturbed the solemn hush which brooded over the centre of Ruhleben. Borne quaveringly on the fitful breeze from the magic world beyond the city walls, came the muffled sounds of clocks striking the midnight hour.

Our representative, the spectral dustman, feeling particularly wakeful after a restful day, flitted silently along the darkened thoroughfares until he reached that delightfully secluded retreat in the purlieu of Trafalgar Square, which had the honour of accommodating the soon-to-be world-famous subject of our stolen interview: Mr. Nacnud Senoj.

Mr. Senoj who had, some hours previously, granted the telephonic request of the Editor of "I.R.C." for a few minutes conversation, personally received our representative on the threshold of his charming retreat. Attired in one of Messrs. Blackett & Davidson's most gorgeous dressing-gowns, Mr. Senoj had the air of a most distinguished-looking, high-bred, intellectual, yet somewhat attenuated associate of the Futuristic

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### MISS MOLLY M'GINTY SENDS US THE FOLLOWING UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL:

*Triviality Theatre,  
Ruhleben W.*

*Dear Sirs:*

*Algy brought me a packet of your really splendid and excellent toffee to the stage door last night and I feel I must really write to tell you how good I think it is. So wholesome and pure. It reminds me of my last tour in England where I always ate your Toffee de Luxe. Isn't it just splendid being able to get it at the Ruhleben Stores here?*

*Yours very sincerely*

*Molly M'Ginty.*



**ENGLISH TOFFEE: 2 packets 15 Pfg. at Ruhleben Stores.**

fraternity. He had the bearing, so noticeable a characteristic of all futuristic idealists, of being a coming personality, an actual Genius of the Future.

Striking a Pecksniffian attitude, which despite his far from Pecksniffian proportions, was so extremely realistic that it displayed excellently the latent histrionic capabilities of this Dramatist of the Future, Mr. Senoj, pointing to a monumental leatherbound collection of 20 volumes, which adorned a corner cabinet surrounded by charming artistic works by such artists as Huntley & Palmer & McVitie & Price, exclaimed, in his deep, dramatically-pitched tones:—

"Some - of my work, Mr. Dustman" "Two Volumes on 'The Subtler Errors in Shakespeare' — much commended. Six more on 'The Correct Shakespearian Intonations and Attitudes of 'As You Like It', recently studied in the city, you know. Another on 'My Criticism on a few gross Inexactitudes in the Definitions of the Evocative Drama' has disconcerted some VERY famous persons. These two are on a subject for which I am already famous in some circles, that is 'The Affected and Ultra-dramatic Reading Voice — How to Succumb to Its Charm'. Those three on 'Lonely Superiority in a Deck Chair — How to Practise and Assume it' have had an immense success, almost equalling that of my other celebrated production in six volumes, entitled 'How to Become a Great Personality in the Artistic World of Ruhleben'."

"And what are these, Mr. Senoj?" asked our representative, indicating some ponderous tomes almost concealing a choice array of daintily coloured prints by Liebig, Cadbury and Chivers.

"Oh those," said Mr. Senoj, carelessly inflecting his voice to that modesty which suits him so well, "Oh those are merely a few favourable criticisms on my little attempts in the field of literature, made by the Colonials, the Hyper-futurists and various organisations and sub-organisations of Dramatists in the city, don't you know."

Still keeping his Pecksniffian pose, Mr. Senoj dilated on the value of his work on the comparatively unenlightened community with which he had the misfortune to be associated.



ROBERTS AS "FANNY SQUEERS"

"You know", said Mr. Senoj, "I have always made it a point in my career to educate all non-super mortals up to the dizzy elevation of my ideals. Whether they desire the inculcation of the principles of modest seclusion in private life, or the art of dramatic delivery on the stage, or the artistic development in the use of 'shorts' as a mode of attire, or even the ambitious assumptions to become celebrities in this city — I will not say in the magic world beyond the walls — well, all they have to do, is to copy my ideals (and Mr. Senoj, put his right hand dramatically over his heart and almost looked Somebody), to imitate my actions, follow my example and then — then — (with intense fervour in delivery) then, shall they be as I Am — famous — celebrated — a lion of the town even unto Androcles, invited everywhere, even as I Am, even —

"Ruhe!" "Schlafen gehen!"

The spectral Dustman flitted silently along the deserted ways, flitted past the advertising hoardings, ghostly and wonderful, flitted by the side of Spring Gardens and finally flitting through the Admiralty Arch to his own abode of straw, came to rest, intellectually tired but professionally happy by reason of his contact with one of *THE GREAT MEN OF THE FUTURE* — Mr. C. Nacnud Senoj.

(Signed) THE SPECTRAL DUSTMAN.

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## THE SILVER BOX

One came away from "Strife" feeling patronisingly indulgent towards the R.D.S., one came away from "The Silver Box" tinglingly awake to the message of a great play. And that is the measure of the progress made by the Ruhleben Dramatic Society in the last few months.

One little criticism and then I'll proceed to "gyre and gimble in the wabe" of merited laudation. Several of the principal actors smudged over their incidental business. For instance Mr. Drummond, who, in the last act, should have been following with feverish anxiety the progress of his case, was apparently waiting patiently for the end of the play and bed-time. But such a point passed unnoticed in the general vividness, virility and sincerity of the acting.

G. Merrit WAS Jones. He expressed not only the discontented, blustering drunkard, but the tragedy in the soul of that drunkard, when struggling darkly against overwhelming circumstance. J. E. G. Burgoyne as Mrs. Jones was also excellent; he should perhaps have been a trifle more subdued and monotonous, but his conception of the character was consistent and impressive. C. F. Drummond was a delightfully fatuous M. P. and both he and R. L. Alston as Mrs. Barthwick made excellent use of the comedy situations. R. L. Anderson was good, though a little too strong for his part, he only needed to be a fool. T. C. Eden as the "Unknown Lady" was irresistibly droll, and the minor characters, notably W. Horsefield, were decidedly good.

The fineness of the production however consisted not in the excellence of individual characters, but in the sincere, exact and adequate expression of John Galsworthy's play. Heartiest thanks Mr. Welland.

C. H. B. *my Jones*



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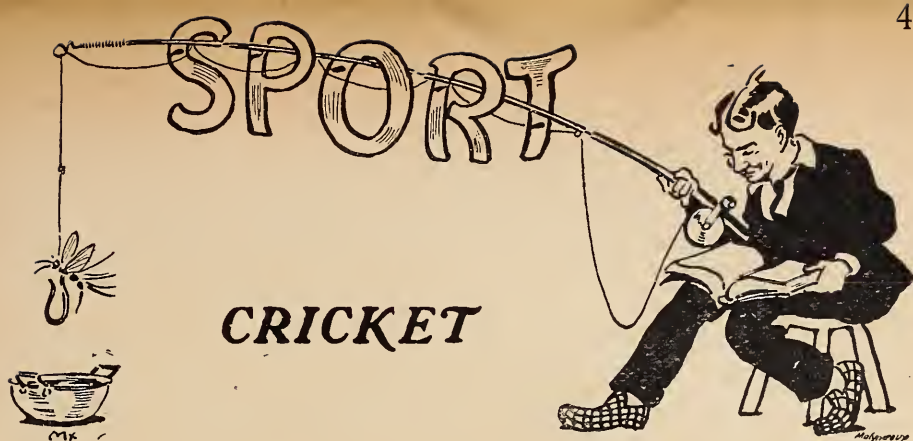
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## CRICKET

THE interest in the Cricket has once again risen to a high pitch on account of Barrack Five's defeat at the hands of Eleven. Barracks 5 and 10 have now lost one game each and it seems hardly possible for either team to lose again before the season is out — but cricket is a funny game and it is hard to say just what may happen.

Barrack 2, after a good start, has failed twice within the last ten days, 51 v. Bar. 10 and 90 v. Bar. 3 is hardly satisfactory for a team such as No. 2. The game between 3 and 2 was marked by an apparent wish of the "2" men to throw away their wickets, runs were attempted where they were impossible and the last two wickets in the Bar. 2 first innings were "run-outs."

Barrack 10 avenged their football errors by beating Bar. 4 by 120 runs. Masterman made 41 and McGill 29 not out, out of a total of 174. The 4 men could only get 58 and 4 for 2 when rain stopped play.

F. Fortune accomplished the first Ruhleben "hat-trick" for Bar. 4, having clean bowled three of the 8 men with three consecutive balls.

### TABLES (Up to Aug. 1)

1st Division;					2nd Division:				
Bar.	Played	Won	Lost	Pts.	Bar.	Played	Won	Lost	Pts.
2	7	6	1	18	5	9	8	1	24
5	7	6	1	18	10	8	7	1	21
10	7	6	1	18	9	7	6	1	18
11	8	6	2	18	4	8	6	2	18
7	6	5	1	15	11	8	6	2	18
4	6	4	2	12	7	7	4	3	12
3	7	4	3	12	2	6	3	3	9
8	8	3	5	9	3	8	2	6	6
6	7	2	5	6	8	7	1	6	3
9	6	1	5	3	12	7	1	6	3
13	6	1	5	3	13	8	1	7	3
12	8	1	7	3	6	7	0	7	0
1	7	0	7	0					

Three points is scored for a win.

D. G.

# THE CAMP SCHOOL

*General Meeting of Teachers: Reorganisation.*

On Saturday, 26th July, a General Meeting of nearly 100 Teachers of the Camp school was held in the Loft of Barrack 6, to hear the Report of the Committee, (see advertisement-pages) and to elect a new Committee.

This latter action was the result of Evolution, and not, as with so many other Camp Committees, of Revolution; for the School has developed such large and varied activities that some reorganisation has become inevitable. The old Committee decided to retire after having suggested what, in view of its experience, would be the best scheme of reorganisation.

With slight amendment, the General Meeting adopted this scheme of dividing the school into Nine Departments, based on the classes already in existence and those desirable and likely to be formed in the immediate future: viz. 1) French, 2) German & English; 3) Spanish (together with Italian, Russian & Dutch); 4) Science and Mathematics; 5) Engineering; 6) Nautical; 7) Handicrafts; 8) Commercial; 9) Arts.

For these Departments were elected as Members of Committee, with the duties of organising and developing their respective departments the following Representatives: 1) Mr. Boole, 2) Prof. Patchett; 3) Mr. Heather; 4) Dr. Blagden; 5) Mr. A. M. Pennington; 6) Captain Henriksen; 7) Mr. Venables; 8) Mr. Wimpfheimer; 9) Mr. Bodin.

*The*  
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Together with these representatives of departments were elected: Chairman, Mr. A. C. Ford; Secretary & Treasurer, Mr. F. Manning; School Requisites Manager, Mr. F. H. Smith; these officials in addition to their duties as members of the General Committee, form a Sub-committee to carry into effect the wishes of the General Committee, and to carry on the routine of administrative detail. At the unanimous wish of the Meeting, Capt. Henriksen was elected Assistant Secretary.

The new Committee has already started work: schemes for the organisation and development of the several departments are being prepared and will be announced shortly to the Camp: the Sub-committee meets daily from 3—4.30 in the School Office (shed between Barracks 2 and 3) where all enquiries and communications should be addressed and where a Notice Board for School Announcements will be found.

Though new classes are being formed daily and the re-organisation is being worked out now, the Committee has thought it advantageous that all classes having been at work for at least ten weeks should have a short Holiday. Full work will be resumed during the week commencing 22nd August.

A. C. F.

# R. X. D.

The Ruhleben Express Delivery has  
thoroughly improved its organisation.

WE NOW UNDERTAKE ALL BRANCHES OF REGULAR POST-OFFICE SERVICE, such as forwarding parcels from one person to another within the Camp, Registered letters, Special express letters, etc., etc.

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Sir:

In No. 1 of your magazine, you announced my intention of opening a new winter season on Sept. 5th, by the rendering of "Hiawatha". It is with great regret that I have to inform you that owing to the very unfortunate attitude adopted with regard to my work for the Camp by my fellow professional musicians, it will be quite impossible for me to proceed with my concert work and do justice to myself and the Camp. On the other hand, immediately fairer treatment and a proper co-operation is accorded me, I shall throw myself heart and soul into the work of providing entertainment for the Camp in the coming winter as I did throughout the last. I feel I may not close without thanking my amateur colleagues of the choir and orchestra who supported me so loyally throughout the past season.

Thanking you for giving publicity to this letter,

Yours,

F. CH. ADLER.

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